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tation into our own. But, on the contrary, the discovery of the gold mines in the county of Wicklow is recorded in our histories, as preceding the first manufacture and use of golden collars and bracelets, though the latter is referred to a period extremely remote. Thus in Mac Geoghegan's translation of the ancient book of Clonmacnoise, which was written in the 12th century, and said to be, in its ancient historical portion, a transcript of the Seancus-mor, compiled in the 5th century, we read that gold mines were first discovered in the reign of Tighernmas, the twenty-sixth King of Ireland, and that he was the first monarch who caused goblets of gold to be made, and the refining of gold and silver, and the procuring his goldsmith, that dwelt near the Liffey, (named Ucadon, of Cualann at Fothart in the county of Wicklow), to make gold and silver pins, to put in men and women's garments about their necks.—This Tighernmas died, according to O'Flaherty's chronology, in the year of the world 3034, or 784 years before Christ. In the same ancient record, we are informed, that Munemon, of the Heberian line, in the year 3222, was the first King that ornamented the neck and arms of the nobility with gold collars and bracelets; and that in the reign of his son Aldergoid, who succeeded him, the custom of wearing rings of gold on men and women's fingers, first came into use; from which we learn, that gold was employed for useful purposes previous to its application to ornamental ones.

From the very great rudeness of the workmanship in the bracelets now before us, we should refer them to a most remote antiquity. P.

A TOUR TO CONNAUGHT.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

DEAR MR. PENNY JOURNAL.—In answer to your note requesting to know whether I intended to proceed with my Tour to Connaught, I desire to tell you, that along with the influenza, a disease still more unusual has come over me, and untrue to the characteristic hardihood and nonchalance of an O'Toole, I have been induced to think that my trivial remarks, caught up as driving along the dusty road to Athlone, are little worthy of your sober, useful, and instructive periodical. However, as you properly suggest that as I undertook to travel in your pages at all, I ought to touch Connaught before your present volume is concluded, I shall make a push to get to Athlone, and there, perhaps, the Shannon may revive my self-respect, and a dip in its translucent waters act with the efficacy for which it is proverbial, and wash away the modesty that is so foreign to my Milesian nature.

I recollect, sir, what perhaps has escaped the recollection of your readers, that I had got beyond Horse-Leap, and was on the road to the next stage—Moate; formerly called the Moate of Gren-oge—the Moate of young Grania or Grace. Some legend there is concerning a Milesian princess taking on herself the office of a Brehon, and from this Moate adjudicating causes, and delivering her oral laws to her people. At present it is a neat and pretty place, as all towns in Ireland are that are much inhabited by Quakers. It is really refreshing, after having your senses of sight, smelling, and hearing, outraged in passing through such an assemblage of mud cabins, pig-sties, and dung-hills, as Kilcock and Kinnegad present, to see the cultivated fields, the slated cottages, and the whitewashed dwellings in and about Moate. I have often, since the hot blood of the O'Toole's has begun to run cooler in my veins, supposed that Ireland might be advantaged were its people to turn Quakers. What a change my fancy contemplates—a nation of fighters turned into a community of friends; but how cruel would it be thus to cut up the trades of distillers, publicans, pike-makers, and policemen; and then, as these Quakers are neither Protestants or Catholics—as they care little for priest or parson—can they be Christians? I confess I know little of their specific doctrines, but methinks their practices are more Gospel-like than those even of my own believing race; and I am tempted to suppose, that Captains O'Rock or O'Toole, have not, with all their faith and all their exploits, done as much good in their generation, as these smooth, and snug, and easy

going people. To be sure, they too, had their hot times as well as others; and the steady, demure, barrel-bodied *Friend*, with his single-breasted surcoat scarcely able to girth in his abdominal protuberance, or the pale, placid, dove-eyed, and sadly-attired sister of the present day, are but cool contrasts to the stern, burning, fervid, bareboned, proselytizing fanatic of George Fox's time, who roamed the world testifying against parsons, priests, and steeple-houses. When John Parrot, moved by mighty impulse, went to convert the Doge of Venice—and Samuel Fisher rushed to Rome, to testify the truth before roseate cardinals, and instead of kissing the pope's toe give it a bite, and told his holiness he was anti-Christ—nay more, when the fair Mary Fisher appeared in her simple garb and sweet solemn face before the Turkish Sultan, in the presence of his mighty army at Adrianople, and there spoke what she had on her mind with such simple solemnity and unveiled modesty, that Mahomet heard her with gravity and attention, and though he might have wished to have such a variety of womankind in his harem, he dismissed her with admiration and respect; so much so, that she passed through hordes of Paynims without a guard, and arrived at Constantinople without scoff or hurt—I say, the quiet, sedate, unmeddling Quakers of the present day, are as different from their progenitors as the Frigid from the Torrid Zone, and occupying now the cool sequestered character of those who mind their own business; we see them prosperous in themselves, and not interfering with others, except in a *temporal* sense, to do them good.

Moate a Gren-oge is surrounded with ruined castles and churches, moates, raths, and memorials of the wars, the feuds, and the ferocities of former times. It has had also its day of great Quaker prosperity, which is I fear, passing away; for the manufactures of linen and cotton which these good people encouraged, and which they upheld perhaps longer than any other class of employers, are now undersold and almost ruined by the overwhelming power of British machinery. The pretty, grassy, and well cultivated hills around this town, surrounded as they are by large bogs, have, as a good military position, been the scene, in the wars of Ireland, of many a skirmish and battle. Here, in the wars of the Revolution, a severe battle was fought between the forces of King William, under General De Ginkel, and of James, under Brigadier Clifford. The Irish attempted to defend the town, which was merely ditched and palisaded, but were forced to evacuate it and fall back on Athlone; the horse retreating by the road, the infantry through the bogs and fastnesses with which the country abounds. Here the Raperees—who, in those days, were so numerous and so effective, and who seemed to be actuated with the same spirit, and to put in practice the same warfare as the Spanish Guerrillas, to the no small astonishment of the English army, had recourse to a manœuvre with which they were familiar:—a large party that had skirmished with the British regiments, and given them no small annoyance by their bush-firing and desultory attack, driven by the bayonet, fled to the red bog on the left of the town, and there, as if by enchantment, hundreds of men, in the open day, instantly disappeared—they were gone as ghosts—and not a single runaway could be seen as a mark for a bullet or a butt for a bayonet or pike. Storey, in his interesting account of these civil wars, thus describes this evasion:—"The Raperees escaped to the bog, and in a moment all disappeared; which may seem strange to those who have not seen it, but something of this kind I have seen myself, and it is *thus* done:—When the Raperees have no mind to show themselves upon the bogs, they commonly sink down between two or three hillocks grown over with long grass, so that you may as soon find a hare as one of them; and they conceal their arms *thus*:—they take off the lock, and put it in their pocket or hide it in some dry place; they stop the muzzle close with a cork, and the touch-hole with a small quill, and then throw the piece itself into a bog-hole. You see one hundred of them without arms, who look like the poorest, humblest slaves in the world, and you may search until you are weary before you find one of their guns; but yet, when they have a mind to do mischief, they are all ready at an hour's warning, for every

one knows where to go and fetch his own arms, though you do not."

The road from Moate to Athlone passes over a country, as I have before observed, consisting of ranges of limestone gravel hills, rising from moors and red bogs; the hills in general range from east to west, and seem formed by currents of subsiding waters falling towards the great drain of central Ireland—the Shannon. Wherever (as is the case in a great measure between Moate and Athlone,) the hills are planted and the morasses drained, the country is beautiful; and more especially about Moate, the patient industry of the Quakers has done much. As you approach the Shannon, the country presents a flat and gloomy aspect; the western horizon exhibits nothing but a monotonous line, unrelieved by mountain or wooded elevation, and the kingdom of Connaught does not smile on you as a land of promise; and though it may be rich in flocks and herds, and may flow with milk, and for aught I know, honey; I think from a first view of it, I can enter into the feelings of that lord of the Pale—some Plunkett or Barnwell, I forget which—who desired to have it engraved on his tomb in the Abbey of Kilconnel, that, as his *summum malum*, he was banished by the usurper Cromwell, into the kingdom of Connaught. As you approach Athlone, high lands to the north-west do not allow you to see the broad expanse of Lough Ree; but on casting my eye in an opposite direction, at the distance of about seven miles—just at the termination of a line of picturesque hills—the round tower of Clonmacnoise, rose like the *terminus* of a kingdom, to mark, as it were, the limit of some royal or ecclesiastical frontier—the boundary pillar between O'Melachlin, King of Meath, and O'Connor, King of Connaught. At the period of this coach expedition of mine, I had not seen, nor had I formed any conception of the importance, in an antiquarian or picturesque sense, of the ruined churches of Clonmacnoise; but as a descendant of O'Toole, the guardian of Glendalough, I determined to see whether St. Kieran had done as much for Clonmacnoise, the river sanctuary, as St. Kevin had done for the mountain retreat of my native hills: and subsequently, MR. PENNY JOURNAL, I did carry my resolution into effect; and if allowed, in your forthcoming volume, I will describe what I saw there; in the meantime let me get to Athlone, concerning which I have as much perhaps to say, as will find admittance into this number.

As you approach the town you do not see much of it, because it is sunk in the hollow through which the Shannon forces its way in order to reach the flats to the south, and nothing in or about the town impresses you with the idea of beauty, industry, or prosperity. It contains distilleries, whiskey-houses, soldiers, and few Quakers. The coach stops at the Westmeath side; and neither in the street outside, or inside of the inn where you put up, do you find much that may administer to your pleasure or comfort; neither is there any thing in the town, when you walk abroad, to catch your attention; no antique buildings—no marks of ancient power or splendour: when you wish to see the Shannon, you go through a narrow street, or rather lane, towards the bridge, which you find narrow, and encumbered with mills and houses, besides sundry annoyances movable and immovable—but still if you can with any safety, amidst the rush of pigs, cars, and Connaught men, stand on this important bridge, and observe the huge volume of the Shannon rushing rapidly and clearly under its many arches—look upwards, and you will perceive how the stream bristles with staked eel-weirs—and above them, the cots of fishermen, and the pleasure yachts of the officers of the garrison; look across the river, and you will see the old castle, commanding the river pass, once the residence of the Lord President of Connaught, and the well-defended position maintained for the English in the rebellion of 1641, by the Lord Ranelagh—and for the Irish, still more resolutely, by Colonel Grace, in the war of the Revolution; who forced General Douglas to raise the siege in 1690, and in the following year defended it with a vigour and tenacity which, if supported as he should have been by the French auxiliaries under St. Ruth, must have foiled his adversaries. Perhaps modern warfare does not present an instance of greater intrepidity and devotedness, than was exhibited

on this occasion; a great interest, indeed, was excited by this siege: the attack, supported by the whole force of Great Britain in Ireland; the defence sustained by the whole combined power of the Irish and French army, led on by a general who had acquired a great name in the wars of the continent. This old bridge on which I now stand, built by Sir Henry Sidney in the reign of Elizabeth, had one arch next the Connaught bank broken down. The powerful artillery of De Ginkel, had battered the castle covering the bridge on the western side, into a heap of ruins; every thing sunk before the shot and shell of the well-served British artillery. The Irish laboured incessantly to repair the breaches in the walls; the workmen fell as fast as they came to work—but as they were swept away, others took their places, and still men were found ready to labour at a task that brought certain death. But the English general was not yet the nearer to his point; there was the hitherto unfordable Shannon, and there was the bridge with its broken arch; gun and mortar had done their worst, but Athlone was not gained. It was resolved, then, to force the position, by throwing a wooden gallery across the chasm.

The British, under the shelter of the fire of their tremendous artillery, had constructed a breastwork on the bridge, at their side of the broken arch. The Irish had one on their part, composed of wattles and earth: but this was set on fire by the continual shower of shot and grenades; and while it was fiercely burning, the English, concealed by the flame and smoke, succeeded in pushing large beams across the chasm; and now it was only necessary to place boards over the beams, and the river was crossed! when an Irish sergeant and ten men in complete armour leaped across the burning breastwork, and proceeded to tear up the beams and planks. The British were astonished at such hardihood, and actually paused in making any opposition—but the next instant a shower of grape shot and grenades swept these brave men away, who, nevertheless, were instantly succeeded by another party, that in spite of the iron hail storm tore up planks, beams, and all, and foiled the enterprise of their foes. Of this second party only two escaped—there is scarcely on record a nobler instance of heroism than this deliberate act of these Irish soldiers, who have died without a NAME.

General De Ginkel made another unsuccessful attempt to throw a gallery across the broken arch: when foiled in all his attempts, a circumstance came to his knowledge which saved him from the disgraceful alternative of raising the siege, and which perhaps turned the fortune of the whole war. The river, for the first time in the memory of man, was found fordable a little below the bridge—two Danish soldiers, who for some crime had been sentenced to be shot, on promise of pardon tried the pass, and returned safe. It was then given out and believed by both armies that the siege was to be raised; and when the Irish saw the English in motion, they lay in perfect security, and the French camp, a mile beyond, was equally still. St. Ruth and his officers had been gambling and dancing all night in a house, the unroofed walls of which are still standing, some distance from the town: they had retired to rest as happily secure as if they had been in Paris. On a sudden, at morning's dawn, and with no other music than the tolling of St. Mary's bell, sixty chosen men in armour plunged into the stream, twenty abreast, and in a very few minutes the opposite bank was gained—the bridge was possessed—and with cool and steady bravery they set about reconstructing the gallery, whereby their comrades could follow them. The Irish were taken by surprise, and had only time to escape out of the town, some without arms, some without clothes, and many were taken asleep on the ramparts. The British soldiers did not slaughter the sleeping men, and Mackey, their general, who led them on—a man whose religion was equal to his valour—felt it more necessary to reprove his men for the daring blasphemies which they uttered, as they struggled over the difficulties presented by the ruined masses of the fortress, than to reproach them for want of humanity and courage.

The first express which reached St. Ruth that the British were passing the river, found him dressing for a

shooting excursion. He gave the messenger a deaf ear, and when urged by some one present to take instant measures, he replied that he would give a thousand louis to hear that the English *durst* attempt to pass. "Spare your money and mind your business," was the gruff retort of Sarsfield, "for I know that no enterprise is too difficult for British courage to attempt."

One would think that I was a veteran captain or bold dragoon, in thus evincing such a predilection for describing scenes of blood and battle. But show me the man, woman, or child who loves not to hear and read of battles. I much question whether even a demure quaker of Moate or Mountmellick would not take pleasure in reading a bulletin of Aughrim or Waterloo, or some spirit-stirring memorial of the tented field. But I am wandering from the bridge, though not yet done with it.

There is a curiously sculptured monument on it, bearing an inscription rather difficult to read, which records that "in the 9th year of the reign of our most dere sovereigne Iadie Elizabeth, this bridge was built by the device and order of Sir Henry Sidney, Knt. who finished it in less than one year, bi the good industrie and diligence of Peter Levis, Clk. Chanter of the Cathedral Church of Christ, Dublin, and steward to said Deputy." The inscription goes on to state that "in the same yeare the bridge was finished, the newe worke was begun in the Castel of Dublin, besides many other notable workes in sundrie other places. Also the arch rebel Shane O'Neil was overthrowne, his head set on the gate of the said Castel; Coyne and Livery abolished, and the whole realm brought into such obedience to her majestie as the like tranquillitie hath no where been seen." In a compartment of this monument is the figure of Master Levis, attired in his Geneva gown; in his right hand is something which is said to be a pistol, though it is twisted, and more calculated to represent a screw than an instrument of death. On this pistol is the figure of a rat, appearing to bite the thumb which is holding it.

Peter Levis is said to have been an English monk who turned Protestant, and coming over to Ireland was made a dignitary of Christ Church; being a man of great scientific and mechanical knowledge, Sir Henry Sidney sent him to superintend the erection of this important bridge: but being a turncoat, a righteous rat, vexed with such tergiversation, followed and haunted him—by day and night, at bed and board—on horseback or in boat, the disgusting vermin pursued him, slept on his pillow, and dipped and dabbled its tail or whisker in all he eat or drank—the church itself could not save him from the persecution. One day in the church of St. Mary's, Athlone, he ventured to preach, and lo, this unclean beast kept peering at him with its bitter, taunting eye, all the time he was holding forth; and when he descended the pulpit, after having dismissed the congregation, the cursed creature still remained with his reverence. This was too much—Master Levis presented a pistol, which he had always about him, to shoot it—the sagacious and unaccountable creature, to avert the shot, leaped up on the pistol, as represented on the monument, and seizing the parson's thumb, inflicted such a wound as to bring on a locked jaw, which terminated in his death.

I will not stake my veracity on the truth of this story: but at all events, this much will I assume, that here we have most satisfactorily explained the origin of the phrase, *TO RAT*, as applied to changelings; and without wishing to cast my stigma on Master Levis, who may have been a sincere and honest, as he certainly appears to have been a clever, man, I may add, that the conscience-stricken state of those who change their opinions for worldly advantages, is well typified by the molestation of that unclean, nasty, voracious reptile, the rat.

Now, Mr. Penny Journal, I have complied with your request, and finished my tour to Connaught, by leaving your readers at the Bridge of Athlone. A tour in Connaught is a different matter, and I do not say that it will never appear.

I am, &c. &c.

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

ANCIENT IRISH INSTRUMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—In p. 324 of your Journal there is a wood-cut representation and description of a curious ancient Irish instrument, with a confession of ignorance as to its probable use, and an invitation to others to offer their conjectures.

Now, Sir, I humbly conceive that it had been used as a beam or steel yard for weighing, and that for this purpose the different modifications of weight were determined by moving the birds inserted in it according to a scale. Also, that it might have been used as an Ounce, by holding it perpendicularly, with the article appended to the hooks, in which case the wires within became stretched by the weight, and showed its gravity with some degree of accuracy.

If a more rational conjecture has not been yet offered you, please accept this from your admirer, T. A.

ECHO.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Voice of yon rocky shade,
Plaintive and lonely,
Art thou a forest maid,
Or a voice only?
Still for thy cruel love,—
Youth unrelenting!—
Nymph, over hill and grove,
Art thou lamenting!
Hark! over copse and dale
Bugles are ringing;
Echo! no weeping wail
Back thou art flinging!
Now from yon hollow dell
Rude mirth awaketh,
Swift from thy craggy cell
Soft laughter breaketh!
Thou, to the lover's ear
Pensively sighest,
Thou, to the hunter's cheer
Blithely repliest:
Song from the woodland hill,
Pipe from the mountain,—
If hill and grove be still,
Drop from the fountain!
Mate of my boyish days,
Known in the wildwood,
Still are thy well-known lays
Lays of my childhood!
Then in thy secret dell
Oft have I wooed thee,
Often with tuneful spell
Lover-like sued thee.
Oft watch'd thy breezy foot,
O'er the dew, sweeping
Home to thy fairy late
In the cliff sleeping.
Oft in the haunted air
Sought thine eye's greeting,
Still but thy voice was there,
Softly retreating!
Still, thou soft vocal power,
Formless and airy,
Voice of the forest flower,
Voice of the fairy!
Whether wild tree or wave,
Or cliff enthralled thee,
Voice, from thy secret cave—
Echo, I call thee!

J. U.U.

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